TV COMIC

6D

FOR TOPS IN TV

Every Monday | Week Ending 19th September, 1964 | Number 666

POPEYE
OLIVE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME FOR A RIDE ON MY NEW TANDEM?
OH! HOW LOVELY! COME IN WHILE I GET READY!
I'LL FIX THAT BIG SHOW-OFF! HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW!
LATER...
OH, THIS IS WONDERFUL, POPEYE!
HANG ON, OLIVE, WE'RE TURNING LEFT HERE!
HELP!
BLOW ME DOWN! THE TANDEM'S SNAPPED IN TWO!
SAVE ME!
TO THE CLIFFS
HAW-HAW! WILL OLIVE BE MAD AT POPEYE NOW!
SPINNG
HOLD ON, OLIVE! I'M COMING TO THE RESCUE!
THIS OLD ARMCHAIR WILL COME IN USEFUL.
RUBBISH DUMP
ALRIGHT, OLIVE, I'LL CATCH YOU!
OH, POPEYE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
RIGHT, NOW I'M GOING AFTER THAT BIG APE, BRUTO!
COME ON, BRUTO, YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME FIX IT SO OLIVE AN' ME CAN CONTINUE OUR RIDE.
THE TANDEM WHEELS AND THIS OLD ARMCHAIR CAME IN VERY HANDY, EH, OLIVE?
GRRR!
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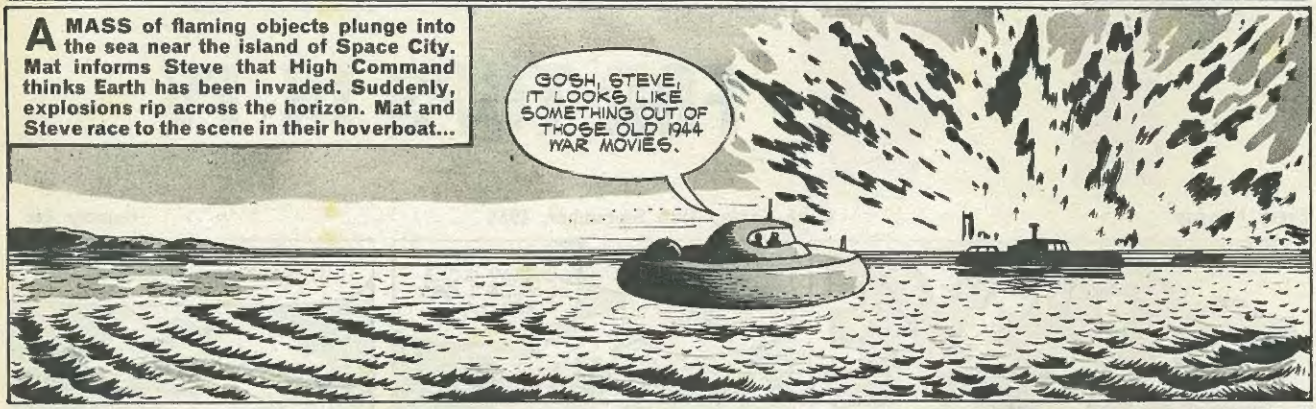
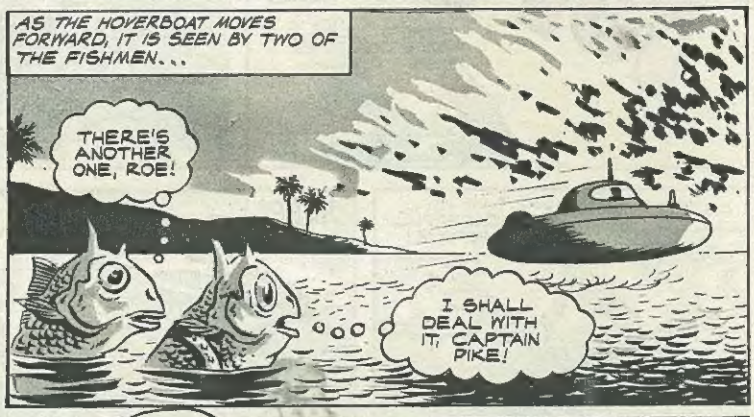
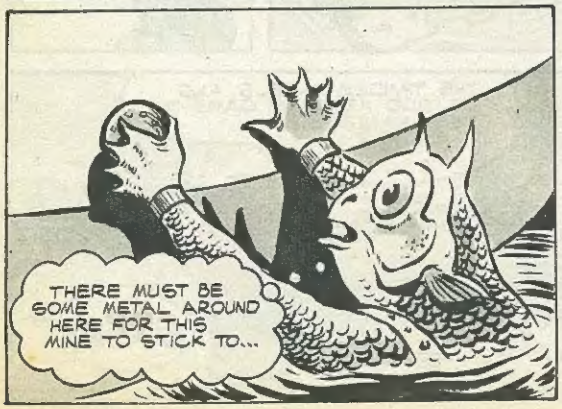
FIREBALL XL5

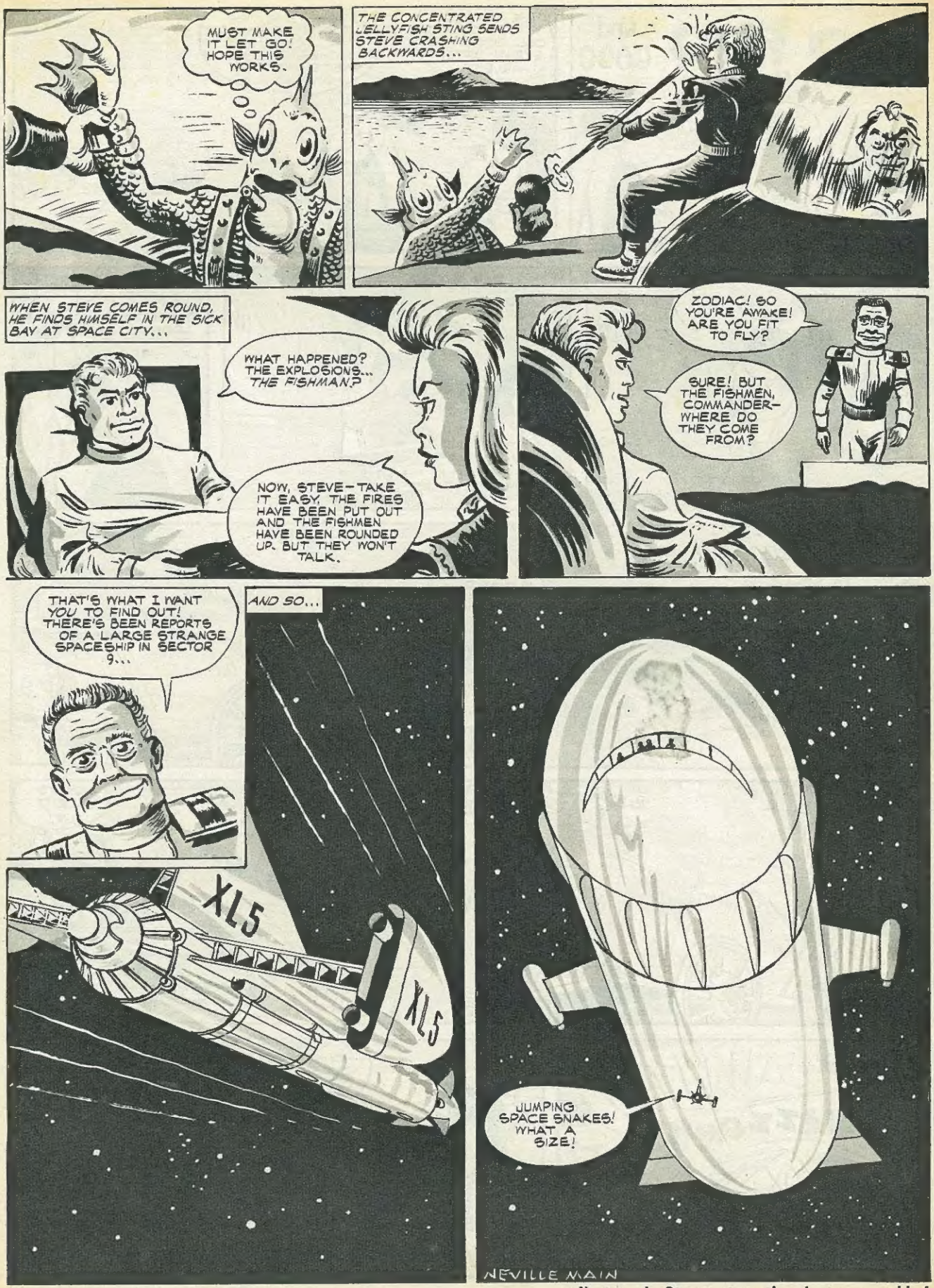
A MASS of flaming objects plunge into the sea near the island of Space City. Mat informs Steve that High Command thinks Earth has been invaded. Suddenly, explosions rip across the horizon. Mat and Steve race to the scene in their hoverboat...







Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd. series "Fireball XL5".


MUST MAKE IT LET GO! HOPE THIS WORKS.
THE CONCENTRATED JELLYFISH STING SENDS STEVE CRASHING BACKWARDS...
WHEN STEVE COMES ROUND, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE SICK BAY AT SPACE CITY...
WHAT HAPPENED? THE EXPLOSIONS... THE FISHMAN?
NOW, STEVE—TAKE IT EASY. THE FIRES HAVE BEEN PUT OUT AND THE FISHMEN HAVE BEEN ROUNDED UP. BUT THEY WON'T TALK.
ZODIAC! SO YOU'RE AWAKE! ARE YOU FIT TO FLY?
SURE! BUT THE FISHMEN, COMMANDER— WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?
THAT'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT! THERE'S BEEN REPORTS OF A LARGE STRANGE SPACESHIP IN SECTOR 9...
AND SO...
XL5
XL5
JUMPING SPACE SNAKES! WHAT A SIZE!
NEVILLE MAIN

Next week, Steve enters the giant space ship!

Foo Foo and GOGO

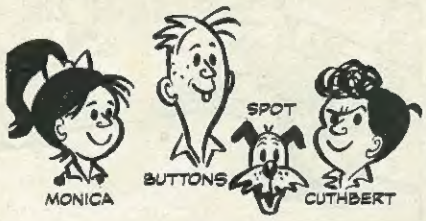
by Halas & Batchelor

WE'RE INVITED TO SPEND A WEEK ON AUNTIE'S FARM!
WE ARE JUST IN TIME TO HELP COLLECT UP THAT STRAW AFTER HARVEST!
I DON'T LIKE THIS OUTDOOR LIFE EXPOSED TO ALL KINDS OF WEATHER! GIVE ME INSIDE WARMTH ANY TIME!
SOON...
PHEW! THIS IS TOO MUCH LIKE HARD WORK FOR ME!
COME TO THINK OF IT, THAT STRAW LOOKS COMFY UP THERE!
OH BOY! THIS IS JUST THE PLACE FOR A SLEEP! HE CAN DO THE WORK! (HEH! HEH!)
DUM-DE-DUM-DE-DUM...
ZZZZ
S'FUNNY! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO GOGO?
ZZZZZZ
BEFORE LONG...
NOW TO BALE IT UP!
WHOOSH!
BALER
WAZZONK!
SO THERE YOU ARE! HO! HO! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF PLENTY OF INSIDE WARMTH I SEE!

Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

Next week, Gogo's a knock-out!

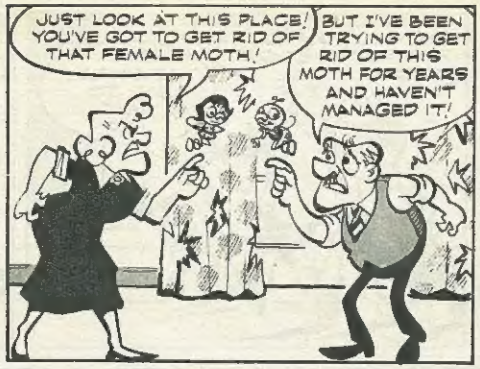
TV TERRORS

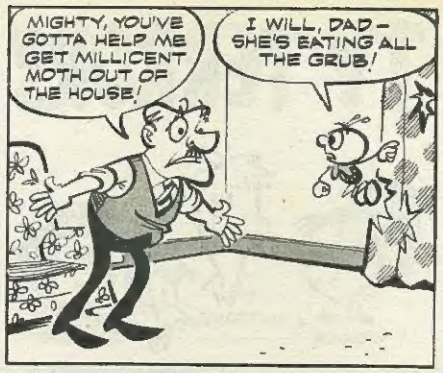


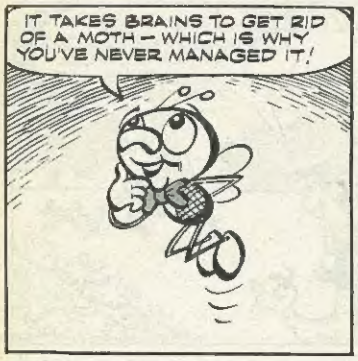
WHILE MISS WISTFUL IS REHEARSING, TAKE HER POODLES FOR A WALK!
BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE BACK BEFORE THE PLAY STARTS! I CAN'T ACT WITHOUT THEM NEAR ME!

Next week, there's fun in hand with a one-man band!

MIGHTY MOTH


JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE! YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT FEMALE MOTH!
BUT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET RID OF THIS MOTH FOR YEARS AND HAVEN'T MANAGED IT!

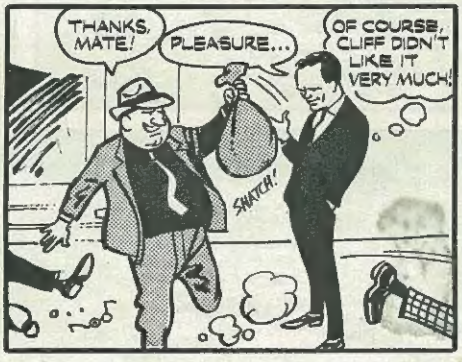




NO FEAR! THAT TRICK ONLY WORKS WITH GIRLS! YOU'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT TO GET RID OF ME! HO! HO! HO!
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO GET RID OF THAT MOTH!

Next week, Dad does a dark deed!

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY



Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

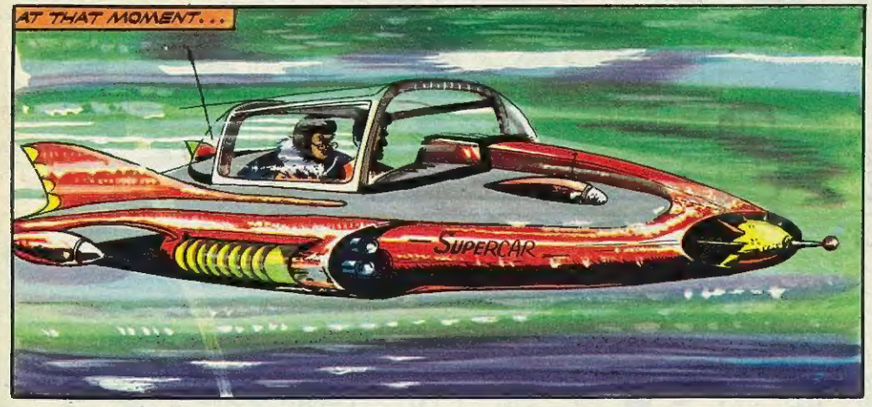
More family laughs in next week's Dickie Henderson!

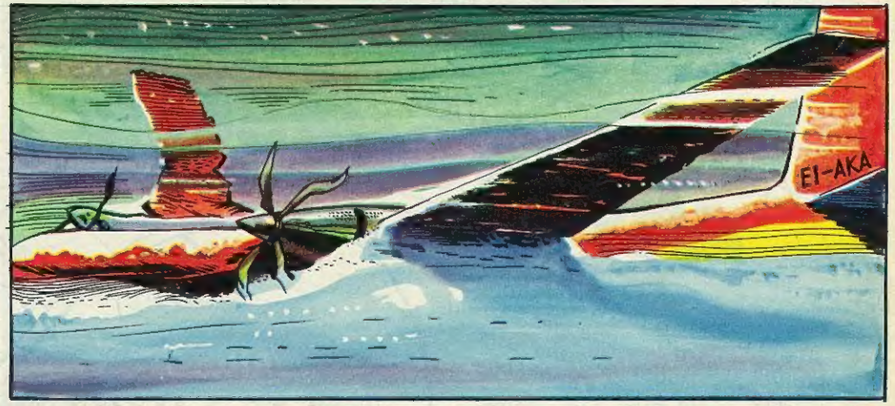
SUPERCAR

BASED ON THE A.P. FILMS LTD. AND ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LTD. SERIES "SUPERCAR".

A U.S. airforce plane crashes in a blizzard on the Horlic Mountains of Antarctica. Supercar flies to the rescue, but, while it searches for the wreck, the crew members decide to seek better shelter . . .

WE'VE GOT TO FIND SHELTER OR WE'LL BE BURIED IN THIS BLIZZARD!
BUT WHAT ABOUT JACK HERE? HIS LEG'S BROKEN!
WE'LL CARRY HIM BETWEEN US... LET'S MOVE!





THE SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 37,147

DON'T MISS THE THRILLING NEWS ON THIS PAGE NEXT WEEK!

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

M. Oxley, Holt, Norfolk.

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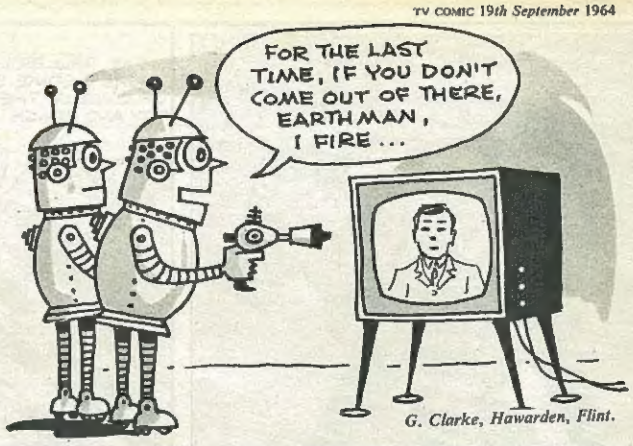


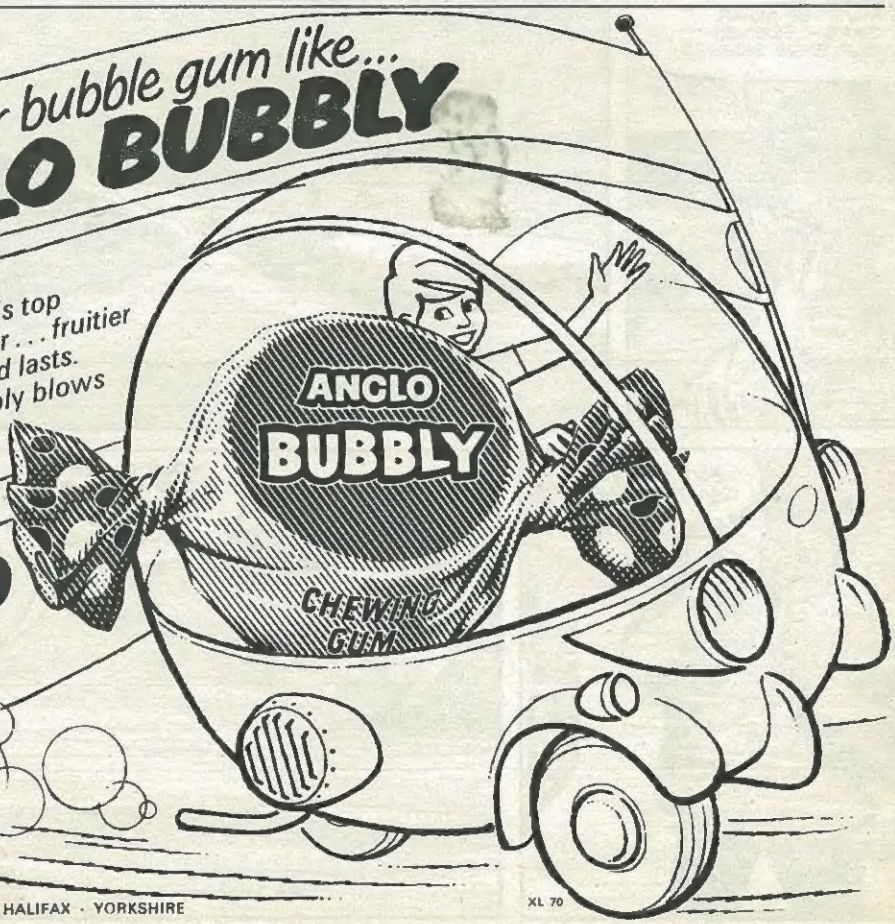
G. Clarke, Hawarden, Flint.

D. O'Connor, Lyneham, Wilts.

There's no other bubble gum like...
ANGLO BUBBLY

Anglo Bubbly is the world's top bubble gum. It's . . . chewier . . . fruitier . . . and the flavour lasts and lasts. And of course, Anglo Bubbly blows the biggest bubbles of all.

Smashing Value 1D



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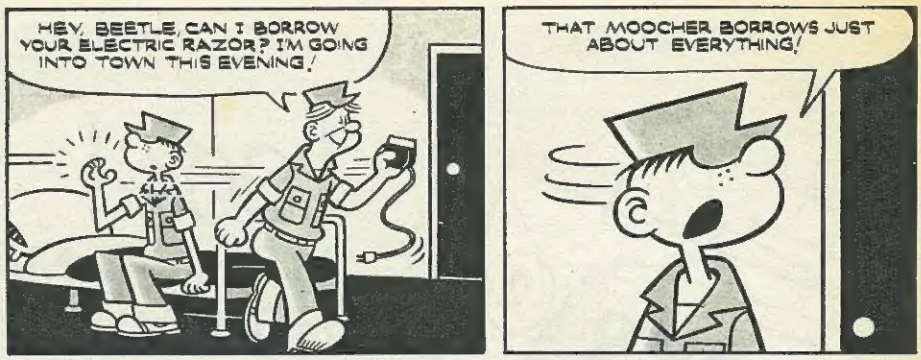
BEETLE BAILEY



SAY, ZERO, HOW ABOUT LENDING ME THAT HAIR CREAM YOUR MOTHER SENT YOU?
I SUPPOSE HE NEEDS IT MORE THAN I DO!
PLATO, MY FRIEND, I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I BORROWED YOUR GLASSES – THEY MAKE ME LOOK CLEVER!
HIGHER MATHS

NOW I CAN'T READ, I MIGHT JUST AS WELL GO TO BED – IF ONLY I CAN FIND IT. . .
ROCKY, OLD PAL, HOW ABOUT LENDING ME THAT FANCY SUIT OF YOURS?
WHO NEEDS IT ANYWAY? I'M SUCH A BAD BOY I'M CONFINED TO CAMP FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS!

ALL I NEED NOW IS SOME MONEY – NOW WHO'LL LEND ME THAT?
SARGE! YOU DIDN'T. . .?
I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW HE TALKED ME INTO IT!
LATER. . .
HEY, ZERO, HOW ABOUT US GOING INTO TOWN?
GOOD IDEA, BEETLE!

SO. . .
EXCUSE ME, MEN, I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND GIVING ME A LIFT ON THE BACK OF YOUR MOTOR-BIKE?
CERTAINLY, GENERAL. IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR CAR?
NO. . . ER. . . HEM. . . SOMEONE'S BORROWED IT!
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT!

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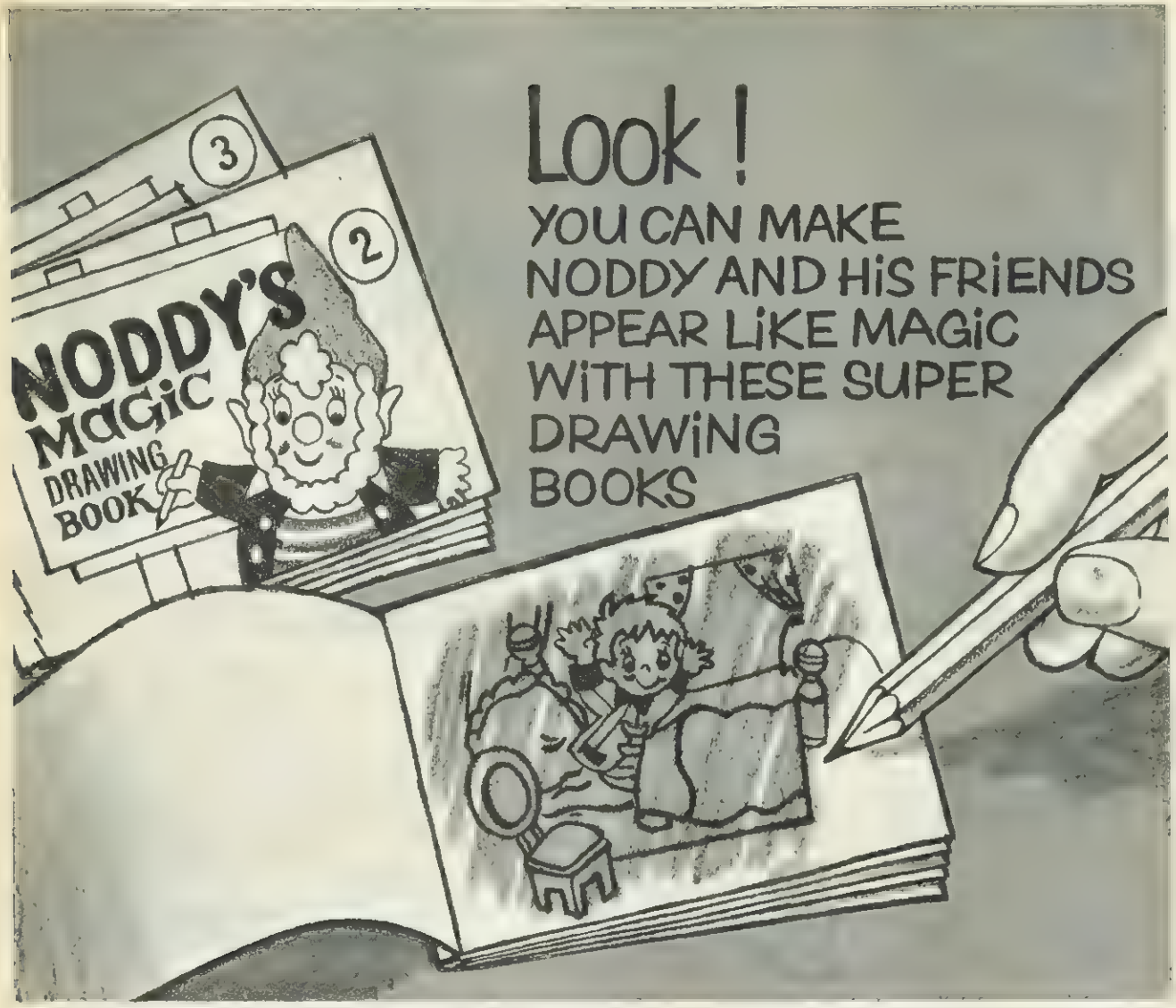
Next week, Zero's slow on the uptake, but he saves Lt. Fuzz from a downfall!



And they're FREE with Sugar Ricicles!

Noddy's got a new present for you inside every special packet of his favourite breakfast cereal. It's a Magic Drawing Book! The pages are quite blank until you rub over them with a pencil—and then before your very eyes a picture will appear.

There are three different Magic Drawing Books for you to collect—one in every special packet of Kellogg's Sugar Ricicles. And every book has *twenty* hidden pictures of Noddy and his friends just waiting to be drawn.

Kellogg's SUGAR RICICLES

DR. NOLAN'S TeleVarsity

BUTCH BITES THE DUST

BUTCH BURGER, the new American boy, was feeling pleased with himself. He had a wire tray full of chocolates, and he seemed to have found an empty room in which to have a real feast.

As it happened, the empty room was the college gymnasium, which was full of strange gadgets. But Butch could not be expected to know this, for he had only just arrived. He had, indeed, dashed out of the headmaster's study pursued by his father and Dr. Nolan.

Mr. Burger was after his son because he did not want Butch to eat all those chocolates. Butch was greatly overweight and supposed to be on a diet. Unfortunately, Mr. Burger and Dr. Nolan had collided with Bodger and Boodle, who were in trouble again—up to their necks.

All four had collapsed in a heap, Bodger on Boodle and Dr. Nolan on Mr. Burger. And Boodle was suffering from far more than a pain in the neck. His main worry was that Butch had grabbed all his chocolates!

Of course, it was an accident. Butch thought he was entitled to them. And Bodger was the cause of it. Trying to find somewhere to hide the chocs, Bodger had tipped them into Postie, the robot postman, who had tried to return them as "Lost Property" to Dr. Nolan. But Butch had grabbed the lot and made a clean getaway.

"Yow!" groaned Boodle. "Get off my head!"

"Sorry, chum!" Bodger gulped, struggling to rise. "Somebody's on my feet."

It seemed to Bodger a good idea to make himself scarce. Before Dr. Nolan could recognize them, Bodger grabbed his pal and hauled him on to the moving floor. When Boodle was able to sit up, the boys were halfway down the corridor.

"That new fellow's got all my chocs!" wailed Boodle. "And it's my birthday."

"All right, pal. We're going after the new fellow. Maybe it's his birthday as well," Bodger chuckled.

Boodle could not see anything funny in it.

"But we've got to get back to lessons!"

"Don't worry, fathead. We've got another five minutes yet. We'll find him before the end of morning break."

Bodger was being hopeful. The boys had already passed the door of the gym, which had not opened because they were on the moving floor. And neither knew that Butch was inside.

So Bodger and Boodle went right round the building, and Bodger suddenly realized that they were coming round again to Dr. Nolan's study. This would never do. Bodger again grabbed his pal and hauled him off the travelator.

"What now?" Boodle snorted.

Bodger didn't know. He made a sign for silence, for, just round the corner, he could hear Mr. Burger's voice. Mr. Burger and Dr. Nolan were just sorting themselves out after the collision.

And Mr. Burger was not in a forgiving mood!

"Doctor," he snorted, "this is the last college on earth to which I would send my son."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir," said Dr. Nolan. "I can only assure you that the whole thing is an accident."

"Accident my eye!" hooted the American. "I am leaving at once, and Junior is leaving with me."

Mr. Burger was being as hopeful as Bodger. Before he could take Butch away he would have to find him. And, when the two gentlemen started looking for him, they were in the same fix as Bodger and Boodle. Neither could think what had happened to young Butch.

"Where is he?" Mr. Burger snorted. "He's vanished completely."

"Really, it is most strange," Dr. Nolan agreed. "Boys do not normally disappear at Televarsity."

"Nothing is normal at this crazy college," Mr. Burger hooted. "My son's been kidnapped—that's what's happened. And I'm going to have you held responsible, Doctor."

"Are you suggesting, sir, that I am a crook?"

"Are you suggesting that I'm a plain mug?" snorted Mr. Burger.

Neither being able to think of any answer to these questions, they went on looking for young Butch. Twice they passed the door of the gym, and the second time Dr. Nolan stepped towards it. As usual, the door opened at his approach, but the large room seemed to be empty.

Butch was being cunning. He had not trusted to luck that nobody would look in the gym. On the contrary, he had hidden himself behind a large object at the far end.

Although Butch did not know it, this object was one of the most famous of the robots at Televarsity. It was Pete, the P.T. instructor, a wonderful, padded figure that could do almost anything in the way of physical training.

However, Butch had no intention of taking any training. Crouched down behind the padded figure, he chuckled to himself as the door opened and he heard his dad give a grunt.

"He's not here," Mr. Burger snorted. "Are you still playing tricks on me, Nolan?"

"My dear sir!" Dr. Nolan was insulted. "I have never played tricks in my life."

Mr. Burger gave another snort, then Butch heard their footsteps departing. Now he could really begin his feed of chocs!

Twisting around to make himself more comfortable, he accidentally touched one of the buttons on Pete's padded back. A whirring sound came from the robot, causing Butch to jump.

"Hey!" he said aloud. "I'm getting out of the way of this ugly thing."

It was quite wrong to call Pete ugly. He had a most engaging appearance. His features were set in a permanent grin, and his padding made sure that he would not hurt anybody.

At the same time, Butch had set him in motion, and Pete spun round slowly with his works clicking. Lights flashed in his headpiece as he seemed to be looking Butch over.

Next moment, one of his padded arms shot out and he seized Butch's tray of chocolates. Without knowing it, Butch had set Pete for judo training, and Pete knew that no fellow can have real training while he is carrying a basket of chocs.

Casually Pete tossed the basket aside, bringing a howl from young Butch.

"You gosh-darned heap of padded iron! What d'you think you're doing?"

Pete said nothing, of course, and Butch made a rush to get his chocolates. But Pete was used to fellows who tried to rush past him. Neatly his arm came out again and Butch found himself turning somersaults.

Thud!

Butch felt dazed. He was not hurt, for he landed on one of the thick mats spread round the gym floor. But he was feeling mad as he staggered to his feet.

"So you wanna fight—huh?" Butch howled at Pete. "I'm going to knock you silly."

Loud thuds and crashes sounded in the gym. Instead of getting a feed of chocolates, Butch was getting some real judo training. And the noise brought Dr. Nolan and Mr. Burger hurrying into the gym to find out what was happening.

The sight that met them was an amusing one . . .

Next week, Butch comes to stay.

THE TELEGOONS

IN

KING FRED STRIKES AGAIN!

"MY NAME IS PROFESSOR NEDDIE SEAGOON, DIRECTOR OF SPACE RESEARCH AT THE GOONHILLY RADIO TELESCOPE. ONE DAY I PICKED UP A MARTIAN FLYING SAUCER..."
WHAT'S THIS? A MARTIAN TYPE FLYING SAUCER! AND I'M PICKING UP THEIR RADIO MESSAGES!

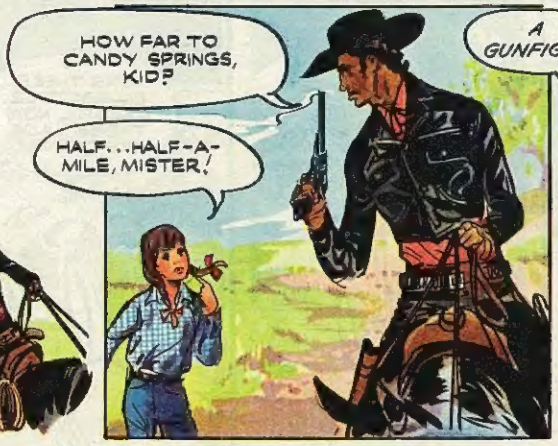
HE WANTS US TO TAKE BACK AN EARTHMAN SO THAT WE CAN TAKE OVER HIS KNOWLEDGE AND SO BECOME EVEN MORE CLEVER THAN WE ARE NOW. THEN WE WILL BE READY TO INVADE THE PLANET EARTH!

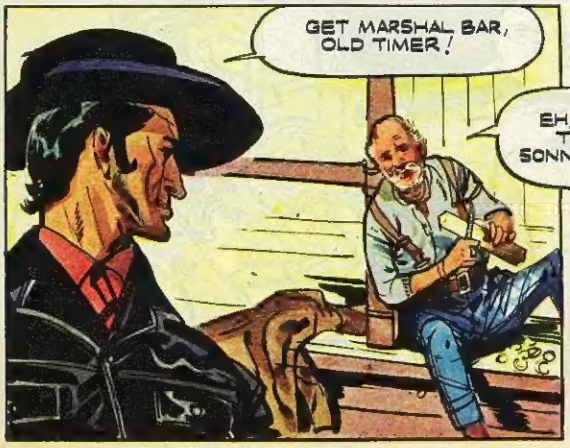
SO THIS IS AN EARTHMAN, EH? A VERY LOW FORM OF LIFE! ALMOST A VEGETABLE I'D SAY!
DA... HEY! WHO YOU CALLIN' A VEGETABLE? DA... DERE'S NO FLIES ON ME!

DID YOU SEE THAT, MY CAPITAIN? THEY'VE TAKEN POOR OLD ECCLES AWAY!
WE MUST FIND A ROCKET THAT WILL TAKE US TO MARS AND RESCUE HIM!

WHAT CAN I GET YOU, BUDDY? EX-ARMY BILLY-CANS? TENT PEGS? SECOND-HAND SOCKS? TIN HELMETS?
NO THANKS—ALL I WANT IS A SECOND-HAND INTERPLANETARY SPACE VEHICLE!
HENREEEE! THE GENTLEMAN WANTS A SECOND-HAND INTERPLANETARY SPACE VEHICLE!
I'VE THE VERY THING OUT THE BACK. IT'S YOURS FOR 10/- PLUS 30 PACKET TOPS OF 'SNACKERS' BREAKFAST CEREAL!
AFTER EATING 30 PACKETS OF 'SNACKERS' WE COLLECTED THE ROCKET, AND...
WE'RE READY TO GO!
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
BLAST OFF!
NEDDIE!
A FEW WEEKS LATER...
WE'RE THERE, BLUEBOTTLE. CAREFUL NOW, THESE LADS ARE CLEVER!
BUT...
JUST LOOK AT THAT! THEY'VE MADE ECCLES KING!
QUICK, ECCLES. WE'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU!
DA... NO HURRY, NEDDIE!
BUT I THOUGHT THEY CAPTURED YOU TO STEAL YOUR KNOWLEDGE AND INVADE EARTH!
DA, HUM... DEY DID STEAL MY KNOWLEDGE, NEDDIE, AND DEY CAN'T INVADE US 'COS DEY CAN'T GET OFF DE GROUND!
DEY'RE... HO, HUM... ALL AS STUPID AS I AM NOW.
DO-HO-HUM!
YO-HO!
TUM-DE-DUM!

Neddie gets his chips next week!





The shots fly in next week's story

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION